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THRENODIA VIRGINEA:
OR THE
APOTHEOSIS.

By C. G. K.
A
POEM,

OCCASION'D

By the much Lamented DEATH

OF

Mrs. *Hester Buckworth*,

ONLY

DAUGHTER

OF

Sir *John Buckworth*, Kt. and Bar.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-
side. 1708.

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T O

Ash Windham, Esquire,

Knight of the Shire for *NORFOLK*,

THIS

POEM

Sacred to the MEMORY of the Incomparable

Mrs. *HESTER BUCKWORTH*,

Only Daughter of

Sir John Buckworth, Knight and Baronet,

Is most Humbly

INSCRIB'D and DEDICATED

By His most Humble

and Devoted Servant,

C G

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE

READER.

I Think my self oblig'd to say a Word or two to an Objection, that has been made to part of the Design of this Poem, by a Person of great Worth and Ingenuity, and that is, my making the Lover present, when he was out of Town. I must say in my Justification, that to the Perfection of a Poetic Fable, the Reality of the Fact is by no means requir'd. Dido was two hundred Tears distant from the time of Æneas, and yet no Man that is skill'd in the Epopee, thinks that any Fault in his Poem. Thus my Design (if we may compare small things with great) being to represent the various Grief of the Mother, the Lover, and the Father, for the untimely Fate of the most accomplish'd Lady of the Age, and to give a various Draught of her Perfections from several Mouths, I have not, I presume, deviated from that end, by making the Lover present in Person as doubtless he was in Mind; for an Object so excellent could never suffer a Mind so entirely devoted to it, ever to be above a Moment really absent. 'Tis true, this is an Objection which cannot come from any Stranger to the Circumstances of Fact; yet since I design this Poem for those more immediately concern'd, I thought it not improper to add these few Words on this Head.

T H R E.

*Threënodia Virginea:*OR, THE
A P O T H E O S I S.

CLogg'd with a mournful Gloom, arose the Day,
And the Sun mounting shed a sickly Ray,
For Beauty's Self, alas! expiring lay.

Buckworth! the Glory of the *British* Plains,
The Pride of Nymphs, and Idol of the Swains;
In her first charming Bloom, unripe for Death,
To cruel *Febris* now resigns her Breath!

Her Charms that still with a resistless Fire,
Kindled in every Bosom strong Desire,
Now in consuming Flames, alas! expire:

In Flames, *Elias* like, sh^e ascends the Sky,
In Flames she purges off the Dross of frail Mortality.

On *Oeta* thus, in burning Volumes, rode
The Foil of *Juno*, and became a God.

Secure of Bliss, no other pain she knows,
But what from Pity of her Parents flows.

For half in Heaven her Parents Grief destroys
The perfect Relish of her coming Joys:

Her coming Joys, her pious Cares suppress,
Ravish her Heav'n-born Soul from that Distress,
And bear it up to endless Happiness.

But while her Kindred Heav'n receives the Fair,
Her Friends and Parents sink in wild Despair!

In Sighs and Tears their silent Sorrows flow,
Like *Niobe* they seem to petrify with Woe.

Arround dejected *Loves* desponding lie,
 Fearing the Period of their Empire nigh;
 Extinct their Torches, and their Arrows broke,
 They hope no future Vassals to their Yoke:
 The Force and Vigour of their Pow'r is gone,
 For those they drew from her bright Eyes alone.
 The Graces languish, and their sprightly Fire
 Droops, as with *Buckworth*, that wou'd too expire,
 Unable after her to heighten soft Desire.
 E'n *Nature's* Self complains of cruel Fate,
 That gave her *Masterpiece* so short a Date.

In vain, said she, I've lavish'd all my Store,
 And try'd the utmost Stretch of all my Power!
 In vain, alas! with Labour have I join'd
 A beaut'ous Body, and a beaut'ous Mind,
 To make one perfect of the Female kind!
 My Pride, my Boast, like a gay Dream is fled!
 In *Buckworth* all my promis'd Glory's dead!
 She by malignant Stars that rul'd her Birth,
 Gives but a transient Visit to the Earth.
 The Lightning of her Charms confounds her Eyes,
 Flashes insufferably bright, and dies!
 All other Beauties, if compar'd to her,
 Cease to be lovely, and no more are fair.
 The ancient Nymphs of such illustrious Fame,
 That wash'd themselves in cool *Eurota's* Stream,
 And sung the *Hymeneal* song to the bright *Spartan Dame*,
 Compar'd to her had been imperfect found,
 More for the Poet's Verse than their own Charms
 (renown'd.
 Ev'n

Ev'n *Helen's* self, the subject of their Lays,
 Had she been by had bore inferiour Praise:
 The *Hero*, by a more propitious Fate,
 Slighting the Greek, had chose the *British* Mate;
 Aw'd by her Virtue, th' adult'rous Boy
 Had ne'er born home Destruction to his *Troy*.

As *Venus*, midst the Planets of the Night,
 Shines, and attracts us with Superiour Light;
 So *Buckworth* shone among the Virgin Train,
 And still with her superiour Charms would gain
 The Eyes and Hearts of ev'ry gazing Swain.

As bright *Aurora* rising in the Spring,
 Does Light and Pleasure to all Nature bring;

So *Buckworth*, with an unaffected grace,
 And all the artless Honours of her Face,
 Spread round about, when ever she was by,
 Joy to each heart, and Pleasure to each eye.

Love from her Eyes still lighted double Fires,
 Where e'er she comes the double Flames inspires.
 What e'er she does, and where so e'er she moves,
 The cause of hopeless Wishes still she proves.
 Unheeded, by her Charms whole Myriads fall;
 Of Conquest negligent, she conquers all.

One only Lover had the happy Art
 To force the soft Recesses of her Heart.
 For him alone I form'd the beaut'ous Maid,
 For her alone the faithful Youth they made:
 She only worthy of his Truth was found,
 He only worthy of her Beauty's own'd.

The most accomplish'd of the Nymphs was *She*,

The most accomplish'd of the Swains was *He*.

Thus for each other made a mutual Fire

Kindles at once their Bosoms with Desire :

A mutual Passion mutually they prove.

Both vow the Union of connubial Love :

Their Vows are made with inauspicious Breath,

For oh ! too soon they are dissolv'd in Death !

LOVE this just Union had it self decreed,

But to the Compact Fate was not agreed.

Oh ! fair, oh ! lovely Maid, then art thou dead !

And with thee all my Hopes and Pleasures fled !

For thee ev'n Nature droops, and hangs her languid
(Head.

No more she says, abandon'd to her Cares,

But fills her Bosom with abortive Tears.

A deadly Grief, mean while, with anxious Sway,

Does on the tender Mother's Bosom prey :

Within her Heart convulsive Sorrows roul,

And make a dreadful Earthquake of the Soul :

So strong the mighty Agitation grows,

So fierce the Pangs, so terrible the Throes ;

That had not Nature some kind influence lent,

And giv'n his Hurricane a speedy Vent,

Dead by her Child had fall'n the pious Dame,

The same their Fate, their Grave had been the same.

Thus the *Cumaean Sybil* when possess'd,

With Sacred Fury feels within her Breast,

The Raging God his awful Pow'r extend,

And ev'ry Member of her Body rend ;

Her

Her widen'd Nostrils stretch, her Eye-balls roul,
 All parts confess her Agony of Soul;
 Till she, at last, impatient of the Load,
 Does in loud Oracles discharge the God.

Outragious Grief thus the fond Mother prest,
 Till plaintiff Words discharg'd her Burthen'd Breast,
 A hollow Groan that shook her tender Frame,
 First from her inmost Soul with bitter Anguish came:
 Thrice the Redoubl'd Groans the Passage broke,
 When thus with streaming Eyes, the Matron spoke:

Oh! my *Hestera*! oh! my Child! my Child!
 I, in thy Death, alas! am doubly kill'd!
 Oh! that I could for thee resign my Breath!
 And by my dying rescue thee from Death!
 With Joy I wou'd the griezly Fiend embrace,
 Wou'd Fate restore thee in thy Mother's place:
 Death wou'd be nothing cou'd I thee restore,
 And give thee Life, as I have done before.

O my *Hestera*! oh! my Life! my Child!
 I, in thy Death, alas! am doubly kill'd!
 The Pangs and Throes that gave thee to my Arms,
 Were overpaid with all thy Lovely Charms:
 But Oh! the Tortures of thy timeless Fate
 Afford no Comfort my just Grief t' abate!
 'Tis Terror all, and Agony I feel,
 No Hope, no Joy, this Sorrow can dispel!
 Oh! my *Hestera*! oh! my charming Child!
 I in thy Death, alas! am doubly kill'd!

Nature

Nature had form'd thee fairest of thy Kind,
 And Heaven bestow'd a most transcendent Mind,
 To ev'ry nobler Good impetuously enclin'd.
 As in thy Body no Defect was found,
 So was thy Soul with all Perfection crown'd.
 Knowledge and Wit above thy Sex and Age,
 Adorn'd with all that could the Heart engage.
 Uncommon Merit had excus'd thy Pride,
 Yet humble thou, as it had not been try'd.
 Chast, Modest, Pious, Excellent and Mild,
 A Tender, and a most Obedient Child!
 Joy of my Life, and Sum of my Desire!
 In thee I liv'd, in thee I now expire!
Oh! my Hestera! oh! my Life! my Child!
I, in thy Death, alas! am doubly kill'd!
Oh! that I could for thee resign my Breath!
And by my Dying rescue thee from Death!
 Oh! how shall I thy mighty Loss deplore,
 No Mother lost a Child so dear before!
 How hast thou sooth'd me with thy charming Tongue!
 How has my Soul on the lov'd Accents hung!
 How have my greedy Eyes been fed with Joy,
 To see thy taper Fingers sweet Employ!
 When with thy curious Needle's wond'rous Pow'rs,
 Thou paint'st the showry Lawn with various Flow'rs,
 That rivall'd Nature in their Beaut'ous Form!
 But now alas! I'm wretched and forlorn!
 No more thou't sooth me with thy charming Tongue!
 No more the Accents will my Joys prolong!

My greedy Eyes, alas ! thou'lt feed no more !

Ah ! how shall I thy racking Loos deplore !

Ob ! my Hestera ! *ab ! my Life ! my Child !*

I, in thy Death, alas ! am doubly kill'd !

Ob ! *that I could for thee resign my Breath !*

And by my Dying rescue thee from Death !

It cannot be, the cruel Fates deny

That thou shouldst live again, or I should die.

Oh ! break my stubborn Heart ; oh ! quickly break !

And me, O Death, with my *Hestera* take !

Scarce her last Words had giv'n her ruful Sound,

And she sunk down with Sorrow on the Ground ;

But the unhappy Youth, by Love design'd

To have this fairest, best of Womankind,

From his Lethargick Sorrows swiftly bounds,

And, with a rending Sigh, sent forth these plaintive

(Sounds :

Ah ! give a short Cessation to your Grief,

With a kind Pause afford me some Relief !

'Tis I alone, who should deplore her Fate,

To me alone this Ruin does relate :

You Years of Joy have in *Hestera* known,

My promis'd Joys in her sad Death are gone !

Long have I burnt with a most fervent Fire,

Long have I sigh'd with a sincere desire !

But when the dear Reward of all my Pain,

The Heav'n I hop'd, by all my Vows, to gain,

Was kindly falling in my longing Arms,

Death, Cursed Death, depriv'd me of her Charms !

She was but yours by her Nativity;
 But She was Mine by a Superiour Tye.
 Oh! my *Hespera*, art thou then no more!
 Of all thy Charms then wasted is the Store!
 Are all thy Glories, all thy dazling Light,
 Shut up so soon in an eternal Night!
 Must I no more behold thy sprightly Eyes!
 Listen no more to thy melodious Voice!
 No more receive from thee the pleasing Smart!
 No more approach thee with a trembling Heart!
 No more that Ecstasie of Pleasure know,
 That from thy strong united Charms did flow!
 Thou only of thy Sex to me wer't Fair,
 Thou only worthy of my Sighs and Pray'r.
 With thee alone to Desarts I could fly,
 And hope no other, with no greater Joy.
 Thou wer't alone Repose to all my Cares,
 With thee alone I had no room for Fears.
 Thou in the Darkness of the gloomy Night,
 Had'st been to me my Comfort and my Light,
 In pathless Solitudes alone with Thee,
 I ne'er had wish'd for other Company,
 For Thou alone wer't all the World to me.
 But thou art gone with all thy wond'rous Charms,
 Never to bless thy Lovers longing Arms!
 Ah! cruel Death, why did thy partial Dart
 Only transfix the soft *Hespera's* Heart?
 Why was I left to mourn her Fate in vain,
 And linger out a wretched Life in Pain?
 Oh! that my Shaft would pierce my faithful Breast!
 Then with *Hespera* I should be at rest;

And

And while one Grave our Bodies did unite,
 Our Souls should mount to Heaven with one Confed-
 (rate Flight.

Long with *Hespera* to have liv'd below,
 Was my first Wish, my chief, my darling Vow;
 But since that Wish malicious Fate deny'd,
 My next was with *Hespera* to have dy'd.
 But Heav'n averse condemns me still to Breath,
 Dooms me to Life, more terrible than Death!
 Oh! my *Hespera*! oh! my charming Fair,
 So great a Loss, I cannot, will not bear!

—But here outrageous Grief his Words suppress,
 His Agony confin'd within his Breast.

Mean while, in awful Silence stood her Sire,
 Quite motionless, and seem'd not to respire;
 Stupid with Grief, and lost in mighty Woe,
 No Groan relieves him, and no Tear does flow,
 To ease the Anguish of his tortur'd Soul,
 That preys upon his Heart without Controul.

But hold, my Muse, nor with audacious Wing,
 Presume the Father's wond'rous Woe to sing;
 No Pen nor Tongue can his vast Sufferings tell,
 No; those alas! are quire unspeakable.
 Thus when the *Grecian* Painter had design'd,
 Grief in each Form, and ev'ry various Kind;
 The tender Mother's most pathetic Throes,
 And the despairing Lover's rending Woes;
 As they surround the poor devoted Maid,
 By impious Rites to cruel Death betray'd,

Unable to express the Father's Grief,
 Beneath a Veil, he hid the Imperial Chief.
 Thus while Imperious Grief the Tyrant play'd,
 And all were dying with the Breathless Maid;
 A sudden burst of Glory fill'd the Room,
 And soon dispell'd the melancholy Gloom.
 Each starts as from the Grave with vast Surprise,
 Joy in their Hearts, and Wonder in their Eyes,
 Heav'n in one Moment does their Grief destroy,
 And force a needful Interval of Joy.
 So Flowr's oppress'd with Storms recline their Heads,
 And drooping languish on their genial Beds;
 But soon as *Phœbus* darts his gracious Fire,
 Making the oppressive Night of Clouds retire,
 They start from Death, and with new Life respire;
 With Native Sweets repleat, from Earth they bound,
 Diffusing grateful Odours all around.

The much lamented Virgin now appears,
 To heal their Wounds, and dry up all their Tears;
 With Beams ineffably bright she shone,
 Beams more refulgent than the mid-day Sun.

Why mourn my Friends, said she, my happy State?
 And curseth' Indulgence of propitious Fate?
 Scarce blest in Heav'n, while all your Grievs I knew,
 I bring the Comforts to your Frailties due.
 Oh! my lov'd Parents, grieve, ah! grieve no more,
 And you my Faithful Friend, your Complaints give o're.
 Let those, who think no Life is after this,
 Who have no Notions of eternal Bliss:

Let those, whose Lives pursue the devious Road,
 That leads directly to the damn'd Abode
 Of *Stygian* Furies, and ne'er think of God:
 Let these, and all their Friends deplore their Death,
 That is a Cause for Sorrows loudest Breath:
 But 'tis unworthy Me, unworthy You,
 To yield your selves to such abandon'd Woe.
 That Faith and Virtue, that have born my Soul
 To Heav'nly Realms, your Sorrows should controul.
 Take but a View of my sublime Estate,
 And you no more will grieve my happy Fate.
 Free from the pond'rous Weight of Human Cares,
 Uneasy Wishes, and all Doubts and Fears,
 Secure of Death, I now possess the Stars.
 Here no Sollicitude, nor Grief dejects,
 Nor drunken Hope with a false Joy erects.
 Above the painful Bliss of Human Kind,
 Uncapable to satisfy the Mind,
 For nobler and more lasting Goods design'd;
 More near I now that gracious God enjoy,
 Who did in distant Life my Soul employ.
 Here he is manifest alone in Love,
 (Despair and Terror are not found above)
 But in pure Light, pure Light I do behold,
 Which to your mortal Ears I can't unfold.
 The Day you mourn my obsequies on Earth,
 I justly call the Morning of my Birth:
 When from a loathsome Exile I was caught,
 And to the Dawn of endless Glory brought.

Above the fickle Empire of blind Chance,
 My stable Bliss its Value does advance.
 As when the Soul through every Vein does bound,
 And Life and Energy diffuse around,
 To every Part it gives a quickening Heat,
 And moves and vegetates the sluggish Weight.
 But when, by Fates Command that flies away,
 The Body soon, by a deplor'd Decay,
 Becomes a lifeless Lump, a Mass of putrid Clay.
 So when our God, the Soul of Souls, retires
 The mind, depriv'd of her informing Fires,
 O'erwhelm'd with darkness in her devious way,
 In chase of empty Shadows still does stray,
 Deluded with vain Images of things,
 Which Fancy's false fallacious Twilight brings,
 Mistaken Notions of both Right and Good
 She grasps, as pleasing to frail Flesh and Blood.
 But when refin'd in this divine Abode,
 She tastes of Heav'n, and takes in all the God,
 The dusky Shades of Soul fly swift away,
 And all vain Faintoms vanish from that Day.
 Eternal Truth she in eternal Light
 Views, and receives with a supream Delight,
 And fears no more her losing it in Night.
 Then grieve no more, that I am blest above,
 Ah! give a kinder, juster Proof of Love!
 And you, my Father, banish private Grief,
 The Public challenges your swift Relief,
 Let Nobler Thoughts your Nobler Soul employ:
 Nor with vain Grievs your Virtue thus destroy,
 Secure, that I am happy in eternal Joy.

And to the Dawn of Bliss I bring